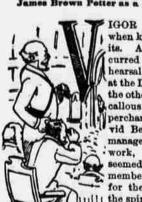
## CHAT ABOUT THE THEATRES.

TOO VIGOROUS ACTING RESULTS IN A BLACK EYE FOR GEORGIA CAYVAN.

An Incident During a Rehearsal of "The Wife" - New York to Have a Fourth Stock Company at the Lyceum-" Love's. Martyr" at the Madison Square-Mrs



IGOR is all very well when kept within limits. An incident occurred during the rehearsal of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre the other day at which a callous outsiders may vid Belasco, as stage

manager, was hard at work, and his zeal seemed to inspire the members of the cast. for they entered into the spirit of their roles with wonderful force for an early rehearsal.

Miss Georgie Cayvan at last came upon the stage, wearing a wreath of roses, which Henry Miller, her lover, was in frenzied wrath to tear from her head. Mr. Miller was deeply interested in his part, and when Miss Cayvan saw him advancing towards her, she paled slightly. On he came, as though he were the victim of real and not mimic passion. He reached Miss Cayvan and tore from her head the wreath, but his knuckles and hand came so forcibly upon the eye of the little lady that she screamed, and called out

"That is not in your part, Miss Cayvan," severely remarked Mr. Belasco.
The little lady, however, was in pain. Mr. Miller was profuse in his regrets and his offers of vaseline. Miss Cayvan smiled, and, as the ridiculous side of the situation struck her ske lawrhed.

her, she laughed.

"Mr. Miller," said Mr. Belasco, "You must omit this realism for the future."

Then everyone was restored to good humor, but Miss Cayvan wears a blackened eye as a souvenir of the rehearsal.

The production of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre, next Tuesday week, gives to New York a new stock company, which, with the Daly, Wallack and Palmer companies, makes a good showing for the metropolis. New York is the only city in the union with any stock companies at all, with the exception of Boston, where the Museum holds its own. David Bidwell, of New Orleans, tried to organize a stock company in that city some time ago, but he found the experiment expensive, and finally gave it up in disgust. Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, is a great believer in American plays, and, during his regime at the Madison Square Theatre, "Esmeralda" and "Hazel Kirke" were produced. "The Wife" is distinctly American. It was written to suit the members of the company, and in the event of its success, after the regular season in New York it will be seen in Palmer. the event of its success, after the regular sea-son in New York, it will be seen in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

"Love's Martyr," the first rehearsal of which will take place at the Madison Square Theatre to-day, has had a peculiar history in this city. The American rights in the play were originally purchased by Manager A. M. Palmer last year from the Franco-American Company, which controlled "Theodora" in this country. Mr. Palmer produced the play in Chicago two summers ago with his regular company, and also, later in San Francisco. The phenomenal success of "Jim the Penman" delayed the production of "Love's Martyr" here. Another version of the play was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre last year by Miss Bertha Welby and last week Miss Clara Morris produced it at the Grand Opera-House as "Renée." So that Mr. Palmer is third in the New York field, though his splendid stock company will undoubtedly place him first in point of excellence.

The artless gossips who wagged their tongues about difficulties supposed to exist between Mrs. James Brown Potter and her husband must be taken aback by the devotion she has shown that gentleman since her return to America. When not at rehearsal or attending to stage details, Mrs. Potter is constantly with her husband. The reason of his visit to England was simply to try and prevail upon her to abandon the stage. But the fact that he was unsuccessful had no further result. Managers—the most superstitious result. Managers—the most superstitious beings on the face of the earth—feel pretty sure that Mrs. Potter will succeed from the fact that a new star is said to arise every five years. It is now that time since Mrs. Langtry scored by first success. cored her first success.

It is not generally known that Tom Whiffen has returned to his mutton in this country. Mr. Whiffen was at one time leading comedian in the Madison Square Theatre. He was also the Admiral in the Standard Theatre version of "Pinafore." Mr. Whiffen has been in England for the last two years.

For the last three or four days any one who For the last three or four days any one who rode up Broadway in a surface car between noon and 1 o'clock might have seen a gentleman poring over a blue-bound copy of Rider Haggard's "She." About every five minutes the gentleman would rise in his seat, beads of perspiration would stand on his brow, and it is perfectly certain that in his excitement he would have run his fingers through his hair

HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS. (Continued from Saturday's Evening World.)

ait!" Bruce repeated.

"But, Honor, must I wait; cannot you tell me that there is some little love for me already in your heart? If not, Honor, I will try to wait patiently in the hope that it may come; but tell me, love, if it is there already?"

"You ask me to do an unwise thing," she said, withdrawing her hands from his. "I have heard that a wise woman will never acknowledge to a man that she loves him."

"Then may I love you? Hes." he answered "And they would be willing to receive me as a daughter?"

"Willing! they would be proud and glad."

"And yet, as the world reckons, you might look higher; you will some day be an Earl; and though in my idea that fact does not make you so great a man as my father, yet some might think that you might do better than wed his daughter."

"They would be curious people who could think so," he said, with a half laugh. "Then may I hope, Honor?"

"Hope is a birthright," she said, smiling to receive me as a daughter?"

"How would be willing to receive me as a daughter?"

"Willing! they would be proud and glad."

"And they would be willing to receive me as a daughter?"

"Willing! they would be voll some bay to make you will some day be an Earl; and though in my idea that fact does not make you so great a man as my father, yet some might think that you might do better than wed his daughter."

"They would be curious people who could think so," he said, with a half laugh. "Then may I hope, Honor?"

"But will you give me permission to hope?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then of her own accord she held out her hands to him.

"Yes, hope," she said, softly, "but do not let your hopes run away with you. I must have a long, long chat with my dear father before I can say more than that, Bruce."

"I am well content," he answered.

"The pour is a birthright," she said, smiling to; 'ii is always one's, unless we make a bad exchange, and barter it for despair."

"But will you give me permission to hope?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then of her own accord she held out her hands to ait!" Bruce repeated. 

woman will never ach knowledge to a man that she loves him."
"Then may I love you?"
"Love me? yes; but not too well," she said, sweetly. "Not because I could not return your love—sto sto the said.

it would not be hard, I think, Bruce, to do

that —but because I know so well that when a man has gained a woman's love, his next thought almost is marriage; and I think I

thought almost is marriage; and I think I is shall never marry."

"Never!" he said: "why not, Honor?"

"I am all my father has," she said, slowly;

"I am everything to him—the light, he says, of his life, as he has been of mine. I could not leave him—I have been his comfort and companion since my mother died; we have made each other's happiness—I could never leave him alone."

"You never should," Bruce said, car-

if he had possessed any. The gentleman was Charles MacGeachy, who has charge of the production of "She" at Niblo's. Mr. MacGeachy has read the book sixteen times, and finds a new difficulty whenever he glances at it. Yesterday in his fervor he declared that nobody could appreciate the veritable problems that Rider Haggard put forth.

On the Play Bills This Evening. Bunnell's Museum is still open.

'The Henrietta' still continues to be an admirable investment. "The Eagle's Nest" will be seen at the Third Avenue Theatre to-night.

"As in a Looking Glass" is still the attraction at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Thatcher, Primrose and West will be at the Grand Opera-House to-night. "A Dark Secret" will begin its sixth week at the Academy of Music to-night. Heinrich Boetel, the tenor, sings in "Il Trova-ore" at the Thalia Theatre to-night.

"Caste," with Henry E. Abbey's powerful com-pany, will be given at Wallack's to-night. The shapely damsels in "Conrad the Corsair" may still be seen at the Bijou Opera-House. "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" is the title of a dece to be seen at Poole's Theatre this week.

"The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Burgiar" at the Lyceum Theatre will be shortly with-"Rudolph" will open Manager Rosenquest's regular season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-night.

Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Drew will continue their admirable work in "The Rivals" at the Star Theatre this week.

Teresina Tua, the violinist, can be heard at Chickering Hall to-night, assisted by Max Hein-rich, basso, and Robert Goldbeck, planist. "The Coarse Hair, or The Northerland Sisters and "Arabian Nights, or Fun in the Old Home stead" will be the vehicle for amusement at Dock stader's to-night.

CARDS FOR DINNER PARTIES.

New Occupation for Artists Which Has Lately Sprung Up.



Ab NE of the attractive fancies of the past one or two seasons has been the furnishing of little illustrated cards to guests at dinner parties, which are intended to serve as the occasion. Some-times, in the case of

very important social occasions, those souvenirs are very elaborate, and it was regarded as very swell when they consisted of hand-painted palettes, menus and the like.

The manufacture of cards for this purpose

The manufacture of cards for this purpose has now become a regular trade, and they are frequently so elaborate and tasteful in design and so neat in execution that they will answer for occasions for which in former seasons it was necessary to prepare a full set of cards to order. Another thing, they can be obtained at a very reasonable price, and thus a considerable obstacle in the form of expense is overcome.

form of expense is overcome.

They are not made by machine or printing They are not made by machine or printing process, but the illustration which the heavy cardboard bears is drawn by a skilful artist either in pen and ink, representing some humorous or comical portrait or scene, or in delicate water-colors, representing a little landscape. No two of these are made alike now by the best manufacturers, for it is not difficult for a skilful artist to vary them indefinitely, but when they come into general use it is not improbable that very cheap assortments will be placed on the market, and, in order to make these, lithographing and printing will have to be called into requisition.

AROUND THE HOFFMAN HOUSE TICKER.

"Billy" Deutche, watching oil. Howard Perry, keeping an eye on the races Col. Tom Ochiltree, amply posted on

"Larry" Jerome, closely attentive to Vanderbilt stocks.

Julian Nathan, looking for points on Read-Col. Bob Ingersoll, in search of miscella neous and useful information.

"Ed" Stokes, glancing mechanically at the tape, but obviously thinking of something Stephen B. Elkins, intensely interested in

quotations for a man who says he isn't spec Howard Carroll, wondering whether confiding "tips" of the night before will be verified.

[From Texas Siftings.] Actor's Wife-Why so depressed, Claude? What has come over you? Claude-I am cast for a part that is unworthy of

me. Still, if I decline it I am liable to be discharged. I really do not know how to act under the circumstances.

Wife—Well, Claude, you don't know how to act under any circumstances; so don't let that distress

Easily Answered. [From the Singhamton Republican.]
"What did you marry my son for?" floroely de-manded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his run-a-way scapegrace in the holy bonds.

oonds.
'' Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the dominie.
't to be charged to you," A Western Delivery.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Customer (to Nevada hotel proprietor)—What
have you got in the way of game, landlord? Landlord (rubbing his hands appetizingly)—Well, ir, I can get you up a couple of nice grasshopper

nestly. "Do you think, dear, that I would wish to part you, if, Honor, you would consent to be my wife? You should not be parted from him—he should not lose a daughter, if he would let it be so; he should gain a son, and a son's love."

"Do your people know of this?" Honor saked

this man?"
The Earl of Dolan was sitting by the table in his study; before the grate—in which, however, no fire burnt, it being mid-winter—with his hands clasped underneath his coat-tails, after the fashion of the English, stood another man. He smiled at the question, but did not grow communicative all at

tion, but did not grow communicative all at once.

"I shall do my best," he answered.

"Yes, yes, that is of course," the Earl said, fretfully, "but have you a clue?"

The detective—for that was what he was, though by birth and education he was almost the Earl's equal, being the son of a younger son of a duke—laughed softly.

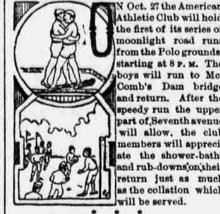
"I thought outsiders professed to look upon a clue as a very insignificant thing," he said; "it is what the papers always make a joke of; still, as you ask, I do not mind telling you that I have a clue."

"May I know it?"

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING

RUNNER CARTER'S CASE MAY NOT BE DE-CIDED TO-NIGHT.

The American Athletic Club's Moonlight Runs -Championship Medals to be Ready by Thursday-Acton and the Strangler to Wrestle-Sprinter George's Marriage-A Chance for Gentlemanly Sparrers.



Athletic Club will hold the first of its series of moonlight road runs from the Polo grounds, starting at 8 P. M. The boys will run to Mc Comb's Dam bridge and return. After the speedy run the upper part of Seventh avenue will allow, the club members will appreciate the shower-baths and rub-downs on their return just as much as the collation which will be served. members will appreci-tate the shower-baths and rub-downs on their

It is not likely that the Carter case will be lecided at a meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletes to-night as an nounced. On account of some delay regarding the stenographic work no report of the evidence in the case was handed in to Chairman Bishop until last Thursday, and there will be no Association meeting till the committee meets and makes up its report. The sub-committee will meet to-night at the Grand Union.

The medals awarded for the championship events contested on Sept. 17 will be ready probably by Thursday. The special medals for broken records are included in the list. The record medals are of solid gold set with diamonds and are for Manhattan man Al Copeland's 220-yard hurdle race, Ray, the Ulverstone (England) cricketer's pole vanit, and Carter, the New York Athletic Club member's, five-mile run. Carter's medal with, of course, be held pending the result of the investigation as to his amateur standing.

The imported stallion Rossington, now at the American Horse Exchange, is a large and powerful chestnut, with white streaks down the face and two white stockings behind. He is of the best blood in England.

Parson Davis, of Chicago, has written to Billy Edwards in regard to a match between Evan Lewis, "The Strangler," and Joe Acton, the famous demon of Lancashire, who is now in Philadelphia, taking place in New York. The contest will probably come off in December, and is to be for \$1,000 a side.

One of the Manhattan Athletic Club's members told THE EVENING WORLD sportingman the other night that the Cherry Diamond Association intended giving indoor lawn-Association intended giving indoor lawniennis championship meetings, with athletic games thrown in, this winter. He was much chagrined when a by-stander said: "Why, that is what your rivals are doing. It was in THE EVENING WORLD a week ago that the New Yorks will give a big indoor meeting in Madison Square Garden in November and a lawn-tennis tournament the same afternoon.

Sporting men are just as bad as any other class in sticking to a locality even after they know there isn't much of a living in it. If some of the boxers and wrestlers who hang around the half-closed Metropolitan resorts and hope for soft snaps of teaching or boxing for purses would go to some of the outof-town colleges or gymnasiums they could make money, get out of their irregular habits and come back fit to train for a battle with men of their weight. The trouble with almost every sparrer is that he wants everybody to know he is a boxer. People in provincial cities don't fancy taking lessons from teachers of that kind, but a capable, gentlemanly sparrer can earn lots of money, make hosts of friends and gain respect; sparring in dives for \$2.50 a night will never pay him, if he hunts up teaching engagements, behaves like a gentleman and sticks to it. ticks to it.

"W. G. George, the best mile-runner ever seen," says London Land and Water of Oct. 18, "will be married on Tuesday at Worces-ter to a sister of F. Grainger, once a well-known carsman of the Worcester Rowing Club. George will remain in England, re-siding at East Moulsey until next summer, when he returns to America to settle perma-nently in New York. Had George been mar-ried in London there would have been a tra-mendous muster of his old amateur friends to see the champion finish the most important match of his life."

[From Texas S(Frings.]]
Blind Man—Do you know that man going down

he street? Deaf-and-Dumb Man—Slightly, just merely to speak to. Do you know him? Bilnd Man—Not personally—only by sight,

Don't Fall

Den't Fall

to have a bottle of

RIKER'S OATHAYA AND THOM TONIO

in the house, and to take a does once in a while. As long
as our streets are in this terrible condition NOU WEED IT.
It is a sure preventative of malaris or any disorder of that
the LON'T MINO OF MALARIS OF ANY BOTTLE SOIL

almost everywher. The RIKER & SON.

Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists.

255 6th ave., New York. \*\*

"If you will promise to keep it to yourself, you may: though to you it will seem but a small thing."
"I will keep it to myself assuredly," the Earl answered; "it is to my interests to keep it to myself, I am more than anxious that this man should be brought to justice."
"My clue is here!" he said, with a calm trimmib.

My clue is here! He said, while triumph.

He put his fingers into his waistocat pocket, drew out a little, white, square-folded paper, unfolded it carefully—the Earl watching—and disclosed a curl of golden hair tied with blue silk; on the paper was written:

Cut from my darling's head as she lay in her min, May 15, 1870. God's will be done. The Earl drew back, looking shocked and How can that, which must be a sacred

"Intimately, he is our nearest and dearest neighbor; you will have ample opportunities of seeing him, but he will give you no assistance, I am sure."

The detective was silent for a little while, thinking deeply.

"Then, as a favor to me," he said, at last, "do not introduce me to him except as a friend; you need not mind doing that. You can easily mention my great grandfather, the Duke, and I will go my own way about getting what I can out of Mr. Selwyn. Please also caution the Countess and your son and daughter."

"Certainly I will do so if you think it necessary," the Earl said, a little unwillingly.

"But I should really be glad if you would not trouble Mr. Selwyn about the matter. You and I, Mr. Foster, are ordinary mortals, and to do our best to catch one who has broken the law and swindled another seems but natural. Mr. Selwyn is an author, and authors I believe, in fact I have always found, have curious, highly-strung natures; it is extremely distasteful, I know, to Mr. Selwyn to give any pain or trouble to a human creature, even in the administration of justice."

Mr. Foster—for such was the detective's name, there being, however, an honorable prefix to it, which he had dropped—was silent for a time. He took the paper containing the lock of hair from his pocket, looked at it meditatively, then returned it to its hiding-place again.

"I will do my best not to hurt Mr. Selwyn's feelings," he said. "He is a married man, I suppose?"

"Yes; his wife has long been dead now," the Earl said. "He has living with him at the Hollies a daughter, a nephew and a cousin, all most charming people. You will be sure to see them here."

"How old is his daughter?"

"About seventeen, I think; you seem very much interested in the family, Mr. Foster."

"I am," he returned. "and I think naturally. From what you have told me I cannot help thinking, though it will probably aboek you to hear it, that Mr. Selwyn has been intimate with an any other. Probably he has guessed whom the man is, but during the time of their companionshi Sorry.

"How can that, which must be a sacred relic, be a clue?" he asked.

The detective rolled it up carefully, and put it back in his pocket.

"That was found dropped down by the counter in the bank, on the day that the forged check was presented," he said.

"So far as has been in my power. I have ascertained the name of every person who either paid money in or drew it out upon that day. I have personally visited them all. I have shown them the lock of hair, and if I am any judge of expression it belonged to none of them. Of course the culprit naturally would have said it did not belong to him had I happened to come across him, but I would stake my personal reputation that I did not. What I believe I now have to find is, to whom that lock of hair does belong, and that person lost probably their wife a little before May 15."

"It seems but a small clue," the Earl said. "Out of small things great things grow," the detective said, wisely. "I have made out to-day a list of those who have suffered through these frauds; the Earl of Wentlin is the largest sufferer by far, Max Selwyn the smallest by far. He has been let off cheaply, indeed, which makes me think either that the forger has met him and associated with him as a friend, of course quite unknown to Mr. Selwyn, or else that he is a great admirer of his books. Anyway I should much like to meet this Mr. Selwyn; if my first surmise is correct he might be able to help us."

"He might, but he would not," the Earl responded.

The detective turned to him eagerly.

responded.

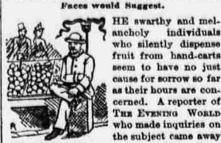
The detective turned to him eagerly.

ALL-NIGHT FRUIT STANDS. BIRDS KILLED BY HUNDREDS.

Business Better than the Sad Italian DASHING OUT THEIR LIVES AGAINST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

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ur. W



the subject came away - Nille with an idea that they began business about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning and wheeled away their push-carts at 6 or 7 in the evening. During the rest of the time, he was further informed, they were at leisure to improve their minds.

There is not much night trade done. At only a few stands in the city can the sallow Italian proprietors be seen sitting on a box all night as well as most of the day. One of these is in Park row near the Bridge. The Italian who keeps it has had it for air years. He is around so much that at one time a rumor prevailed that he took what sleep he felt in need of on the instalment plan inside his stand. He has a larger trade at night from passers by than one would imagine.

"How do you manage to keep open all the time?" the reporter asked him.

"My broger an' me—he help-ame." was the reply. "One at night-a, ze ozzet in ze day."

"Do you sell much after midnight?"

"Two, three, four, sometime six dollar," the Italian answered, in his short way, with a new gesture and tone for each word. When he said "six dollar" he shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, as if admitting that it was surprising and yet was true. In There is not much night trade done. At

that it was surprising and yet was true. In winter he calls in the fruit and roasts chest

nts.
These fruit venders live in cheap tenemer houses on the east or west sides. The work is not hard, and those who stop selling at 6 and begin only at 9 have plenty of leisure, Park row and the open space in front of the Post-Office are the most desirable places in town for fruit stands.

THE OFFICERS NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Means Adopted to Prevent Cheating Among Ships' Stewards.

When a Covernment boat or merchantman comes to port, or goes into commission, notice is inserted in the papers that the wardroom officers are not responsible for bills which the steward may contract. This handicaps the steward if he is disposed to pocket

which the steward in he is disposed to pocket the money for provisions.

A steward's pay on a man-of-war is \$45 a month. The captain has his own steward and cook, and the commissioned officers have theirs. The steward sallies forth at 5 o'clock every morning to get meat and vegetables for the day. According to the number in the ward room, he gets from \$15 to \$40 for paying the bills, and he has to bring the receipts home with him. But he can bring home begus receipts, and pocket the money leaving for parts unknown when he has accumulated three or four hundred dollars. So this notice is put in the papers to block him off from devious courses.

Many of the servants on the Government vessels, are Japanese. The steward of the Nipsic which went into commission lately, is a subject of the Mikado.

There is not the same opportunity in the sailors' rooms. Government contracts are drawn up, in which the quantity and expenditure for provisions is all agreed on for a certain period. So the buyer in this department does not have to pay for the stores when he gets them, and he can work in no irregular business with cash. A steward may have been with a ship six or seven years and his honesty thoroughly proven, but the notice is inserted all the same in the papers.

POLICEMEN'S FANCIES

"How is that?"

"Because on the evening that we had that big slaughter here about a month ago I, of course, heard about it, but when I came to look for the birds I could not find one of them. Then it came to my knowledge for the first time that the officials on the island were selling the skins of the birds to milliners in town as perquisites."

"Did you not think this proper?"

"Certainly not, because the birds were public property, and I determined to find out what the correct method of disposition was. So I went to Washington and studied up on the Government system of records such as is applied to the Light-House Department, and after I had it well under way I introduced it on Liberty Island. It has now been in operation for nearly a month, and so far as I know works with great success, and has resulted in no bickerings or ill-feeling over the deprivation of this source of revenue." Inspector Steers has a mania for postagetamps, and owns a large collection The widow of the late Detective-Sergt. Haley will receive an annual pension of

Sergt.-Detective Bird has returned from his vacation, bronzed and in exuberance of spirits for hard work. Supt. Murray is a collector of rare bric-a-brac, his pet plece being a genuine Govern-ment approved Sevres vase.

revenue."
"In what way is this record kept?"
"It merely consists in registering each morning, in a book kept for the purpose, a description of every bird found under the statue. This includes, besides the description or name of the bird, the date, probable hour of striking, the direction and force of the wind, number striking, number killed, character of the weather and general remarks, which in the course of six months or so will make a very interesting record." Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, calls frequently upon Inspector Byrnes to compare notes about forthcoming novels filled with clever detective work.

Inspector Williams is the fortunate owner of several houses in this city and a farm in Westchester County and Long Island. Economy is wealth with him.

Sergt. Holcombe, of the House of Detention, is a bibliophile, and has a rare and valuable collection of Testaments representing the various translations of centuries.

The Situation Was Desperate (From the Binghamton Equalifican.)

Coal office clerk—The paper this morning does not state whether the weather will be warm or cold to-day.

Dealer—Then, for Heaven's sake, telegraph to

Washington for it immediately! How are we know whether to raise or lower the price? No Wonder.

[From the Fonkers Gasette.]
The granger who took in a cheque On a bank that had all gone to wreeque Was so whelmed with chagrin
That his barn he went in
And he hung himself up by the necque.

"You know him then?"
"Intimately, he is our nearest and dearest neighbor; you will have ample opportunities of seeing him, but he will give you no assis-

so will make a very interesting record."

"Of course the birds are prepared before you send them away?"

"Certainly, they are but in proper condition by a skilful taxidermist, aithough they are not absolutely prepared for mounting. I never send a batch of birds anywhere until I get a lot, 200 or more. These I send to the Smithsonian and Washington National Museums and other scientific institutions in this State and in New England. Any institution is glad to get these specimens to add to its collection, and it is certainly better than pandering to a deprayed whim of fashion by selling them to milliners for bonnet decorations. And besides the specimens themselves are often of such rarity that they may be regarded as genuine curiosities. The fact that I have received many letters both from Washington officers and the heads of scientific institutions thanking me for what I have already done in the matter."

"How does the statue rank in your experience as a bird-killing light?"

"From what I have seen during the past onceived a liking for him and is unwilling to betray him."
"And thinking this," the Earl said, "you believe that you will be able to get the name of the forger out of him?"
Mr. Foster sat down, then looked at the

so will make a very interesting record."
"Of course the birds are prepared before

Mr. Foster sat down, then looked at the Earl smilingly.

"You must ask me no more questions," he said. "I have told you already more than under ordinary circumstances I tell. Wait patiently, I have not the slightest doubt but that I shall unearth my fox."

However, two or three days passed, and Mr. Foster, far from troubling himself about the case, seemed simply to enjoy himself.

Honor and Arthur came to the Castle and were introduced to him, and seemed to like him greatly; but Mar, having complained of feeling unwell for a day or two, had not put in an appearance. However, on the detective's telling Honor that he wished above all things to make her father's acquaintance, she in an appearance. However, on the detective's telling Honor that he wished above all things to make her father's acquaintance, she gave the whole party at the Castle an invitation to come over upon the following day.

"For my father is not so unwell that he cannot receive visitors," she said, though he does not feel sufficiently strong just now to visit them; and he will be pleased, I am sure, to welcome Mr. Foster. He has heard much of him from us."

So upon the following day the whole party from the Castle drove up to the Hollies; Max, Honor and Arthur were standing at the door to welcome them with old-fashioned hospitality. May had grown older within the last day or two, there were lines of care upon his face and around his lips, as though trouble was a visitor to his heart. He welcomed every one warmly, Mr. Foster, being a stranger, particularly so, but he gave him a quick, searching glance, perhaps he guessed who and what he was.

The elder folks went into the house, the younger stood chatting in the garden. The

The elder folks went into the house, the younger stood chatting in the garden. The same thought being in all their minds, as they asked unimportant questions and made unimportant remarks; that wish being that two would separate from the other two and leave them alone.

"There are some roses I want to show you at the far end of the garden, Mary," Arthur said, at last, flashing a "come, if you dare" glance at Honor "Will you come?"

"Gladly," she answered, looking up at him, "Will you not come, too, Honor?"

"Honor has seen them," Arthur putas,

month I should say that it was a more destructive light in this respect than any other light in the country. Certainly last month's record has been unusually heavy. It is often easy to tell beforehand what sort of a crop of birds may be expected the next morming by observing the character of the weather. If the atmosphere is thick and muggy or it is very dark you can always expect a pretty large sprinking, but on clear, bright nights the number of unfortunates is comparatively small. Just at this season of the year also we are more apt to gather full Blinded by the Glare of the Electric Lamps, They Fly at the Torch on Dark and Stormy Nights-A Record of Their Deaths comparatively small. Just at this season of the year also we are more apt to gather full crops than at any other season, because the birds are now migrating. Many of them travel in the night. Some of them always do, and it is the blinding glare of the elec-tric lamps that bewilders the birds as they pass by and causes them to swarve against the torch or head of Liberty in their flight. However, there are occasions when no rules seem to work, and there has been known to be a great slaughter on a bright night if a big migrating flock happens to pass over the island in the night."

"Is there any uniformity in the species of Made and Their Bodies Sent to Scientific Institutions-Wanted by City Milliners. HE big statue down on Liberty Island is hardly appreciated as a

blessing by the feath-

ered tribe. At least

that is the supposition,

lected, showing the

electric lamps which

surround it. It is very

seldom that a night

mer or fall when a

dozen or more birds at

least are not picked up

by the men of the

One night a few weeks ago, when a violent storm prevailed, thousands of birds were dashed in their flight against the statue.

fair sum.
"Well, what does become of the birds now,

een done for not more than a month."
"How is that?"
"Because on the evening that we had that

passes during the sum-

111

if any confidence is to "Is there any uniformity in the species of those birds?" be placed in the statis-. ties which have been "Yes, to a large extent. Almost all the birds we pick up belong to three or four different kinds. The commonest species which we find is a bird which resembles a wren. I from time to time colnumber of birds which we find is a bird which resembles a wren. I haven't yet ascertained the scientific name, and I only say it looks like a wren because I am pretty certain it is not one. However, I will be able to satisfy your curiosity before long. Then there is the rail, which is occasionally slaughtered in large numbers; the cat-bird, blackbird, and several kinds of night-birds, including the whippoorwills." nightly kill themselves by dashing out their weak brains against Miss Liberty's bronze torch, attracted by the dazzling glare of the

HOMES OF PROMINENT STAGE FOLK.

Mr. Pigott rooms at the Lotos Club. Bronson Howard stops at the Barrett. "Bob" Hilliard lodges at the Gedney. Annie Robe occupies a flat in the Gorham

Miss Ada Rehan lives in a flat on Sixth clace, either on the balcony, which seems to Marshall P. Wilder entertains his friends be a favorite suicidal resort, or on the flat

surface of the pedestal underneath doubt-less where they fall in their dying efforts to escape some unknown, horrible and mysteri-ous fate. This has been the experience ever since the lights have been put in, and very frequently the slaughter has been excessive. Pauline Hall resides in a flat on West Thir-Manager Hooley, of Chicago, always stops at the Glenham.

Augustin Daly lives in West Fiftieth street, near Fifth avenue.

the night a rew weeks ago, when a violent storm prevailed, thousands of birds were dashed in their flight against the statue. How many were blown over into the harbor after they had received their death-blow is not known, but in the morning more than thirteen hundred dead bodies were found scattered all over the island, from the balcony down, while the base of the pedestal was thickly strewn with victims.

As may be imagined Col, Tassin, who is in command at Liberty Island, has been at some trouble to find out what to do with his nightly feathered manna. The question has been solved at last by putting the Statue of Liberty under the same category as all the other light-houses along the coast, so far as making reports of all stranded birds are concerned, and relieving the Colonel of all responsibility to milliners and proprietors of fancy stores if he neglects to respond to their importunate notes for feathered supplies, for which they are not at all averse to paying a fair sum.

"Well, what does become of the hirds now Manager Edward Gilmore and wife are stopping at the Brunswick. Frank Mayo and family have a flat in the annex of the Westminster Hotel. Osmond Tearle and wife (Minnie Conway) have apartments in Third avenue. Bijou Heron and her husband (H. J. Mil-ler) occupy a flat on West Thirty-seventh

Francis Wilson occupies a flat on West Fifty-sixth street, and devotes himself to his two babies. Messrs. Robson and Crane alwas stop at the St. James. Both of them have homes at Co-hasset, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have a suit of rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, though Mr. Florence owns a residence on Park

"EVENING WORLD" ECHOES, Wants to Cook a Rarebit at Home

any way?" inquired a reporter of Col. Tassin.

They simply go the way of all birds that sacrifice their lives to a morbid curiosity in this way, and find their way into the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This has Editor of The Evening World.

Will any of your readers be kind enough to tell me how to cook a Welsh rarebit at home that is fit to eat. I am tired of having my husband take friends who come to see him out to a neighboring New York, Oct. 22.

He Gets \$17,500 a Year.

Editor of The Evening World.

What is the salary of Edward I. Phelps, of Vernont, for representing this country in England? New York, Oct. 22. It was Sold for \$7,080.

Editor of The Evening World:
Will you tell me how much the old war ship Con gress, which was recently sold, brought? A. L. B.

It Shocked Her.

[From the San Francisco Post.]
"Why do you wear glasses—your eyes are all right ?" asked a Berkeley youth of a modest co-ed. "Sir, do you think I would expose my naked eyes to the public game?" replied the young lady, with a blush of indignation that made her face like an autumn sunset, painted red.

Dainties of the Market. Prime rib roast, 16c, to 20c.
Perterhouse steak, 22c. to 26c.
26c.
Strioin steak, 18c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 11c. to 14c.
Lag vest, 22c.
Lag vest, 23c.
Lamb binder rers, 18 to 18c.
Lamb binder rers, 18 to 18c.
Regish mutton chop, 25c.
Lamb binder rers, 18 to 18c.
Regish, 25c.
Reg callops, 12s. bunch, plary, 12s. bunch, Pess, 15s. half peck. Green corn, 25c. dex. Green corn, 25c. dex. 950.
Squaba, 82 to 83 dosen, Geese, 20c.
Ducks, 18c.
Canvas-lucks, 83.50 pair.
Grouss, 81.25 pair.
Grouss, 81.25 pair.
Reed birds, 81 dosen, 84.26 pair.
Red heads, 81.60 pair.
Rail pair.
Teal, 81 pair.
Venussu, 25c. to 39c.
Woodcock, 81.50 pair.
White bait, 49c.
See bass, 15c.
Pempano, 49c. bs, \$2 to \$3 dozen. Pees, 20c. half peck. Green core, 20c. dos. Squashes, 10c. to 15c. Pumpkins, 20c. Mushrooms, 25c. quart. Onions, 30c. half-peck. Cauliflowers, 15c. to 25c. Lettuce, 5c. head. Granberries, 15c. quart. Horsergaish, 15c. poop. Spanish onions, 4 for 25c. Spanish onions, 4 for 25c. Spenish conions, 20c. half-peck. Isma beans, 20c. quart. Egg plants, 10c.

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quickly, and slipping his arm through hers he hurried her up the pathway. "We do not want them," he said, impa-

tiently.
"Do we not?" she answered, smiling and

"Do we not?" she answered, smiling and coloring.

"Of course not," he returned, "and what is more they do not want us. Can't you see, Mary, that they are spoons on each other?"

"Soons?" she repeated, interrogatively.

"Well, sweethearts," he said. "Can't you see that they like each other; that Bruce is as fond of Honor as I am of you?"

She did not answer, and they walked on in silence. Arthur scarcely knew how to go on; to do him justice, and to his credit be it spoken, he had never "gone in" for fiirtations, and now that he loved a woman and wished to tell her so, he scarcely knew what to say.

wheel to say.

"You have not yet shown me the roses,"
Mary said, when they reached the end of the
garden.

"There are no roses to show you in particular," he said, fretfully. "I do wish,
Mary, you would not be quite so practical;
did not you know that was only an excuse to
get you away from the others?"

get you away from the others?

get you away from the others?

"No."
"It was, then; I wanted to have you to myself, not to stand talking nonsense there."
There was another silence and a long one, which, shy girl as she was, commended itself to Mary not at all.

"Do you not think," she said, turning her head resolutely from Arthur," "that we had better talk nonsense than nothing?"

He burst out laughing, then stood etill, caught both her hands, drew her close, close to him and kissed her once, twice, many times.

to him and kissed her once, twice, many times.

"Mary, my darling," he whispered, "do you love me?"

She answered nothing, but the smile that stole over her face showed that she was not angry: perhaps she deemed it but right that he should first declare his love for her then and there, only she could not prudently answer his question.

Perchance he guessed what her thoughts might be, for leaving go of her hands he flung his arms around her.

"Say yes, little dear," he said; "I love you so very much, Mary."

Still she said nothing, but stood perfectly

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon in Broadway car. The few occupants of the yellow conveyance at Chambers street wern men, but by the time that it had reached

SHE GAVE UP HER SEATS

Street-Car Heroine Who Proved to We

Very Common Clay.

men, but by the time that it had reached Twenty-third street, all these men who still remained on the car were standing, their seats having been resigned to ladies who had entered. These seats had been taken by the ladies as a matter of course, and without a "Thank you" or the faintest evidence of a favor bestowed.

At Twenty-third street a tired-locking workingman boarded the car, weak with the day's toil and cast his eyes about for a seat on which to rest his weary frame. None was to be had.

What an opportunity was this for one of the finely dressed ladies, so comfortably ensconced on the cushioned seat, to make herself a heroine in the eyes of the occupants of the car. It did not seem possible that one would do it, but a fashionably attired dame, who had so completely settled herself into a seat, made vacant by an Evening Wonld reporter at Fourteenth street, without even a look of thanks, rose to her feet.

The lady signalled, and the reporter and the laboringman each gave its meaning the same interpretation and the latter thankfully took the seat thus vacant. The conductor, however, knew better than this. He rang the bell over the driver's head, the car came to a full stop on the upper crossing as Twenty-fourth street, and the lady alighted. The heroine had reached her destination.

Where They Have Gone. [From the Rechester Hereld.]
The papers in the Pan-Electric lawsuit seem to

AMUSEMENTS. TO-MORROW!!!

CHARLES DICKENS

TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M. Tickets, with Reserved Sents, V5c., 81 and 81.50. New on sais at Chickering Hall. Now on sale at Unickering Rail.

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THIS (MONDAY) EVERING, OCT. 24, as 8,
MR. MAX HERNICH Basso,
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WEDNERDAY EVENING, Oct. 26, as 8,
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in Bronson Howard's and David Belasco's great comedy-drama, BUDOLPH. THALIA TO NIGHT, BOBTEL, TROUBADOUR, to-morrow, Junkermann, Brassig; Wednesday, Friday, Boetel, Martha.

quiet with his arms around her, her head drooped and her eyelids lowered.

"I dare say," he went on gloomily, "you think it great presumption of me to speak like this; I am only Arthur Stamer, with no title and no money, excepting what my uncle gives me, but if I were a king I could not love you more, Mary, and loving you, I needs must tell you so. If you are angryl with me, I would rather know; any way, speak, my darling."

He was very earnest, though somewhat impatient and clumsy over his love-making, but then sincerity was his chief recommendation.

dation.

"I am not angry," she said softly, "but had not expected this."

"But, Mary, surely you knew that I loved you; I have not tried to keep it secret, and when people love it is but natural to tell it. Do you love me a little, Mary?"

He let go of her for an instant, and lifting her face look into her eyes.

"Tell me sweet," he said.

"Must I?" she answered, sweetly, shyly, "I shall never say must to you," he returned, "but, Mary, love, it will please me if you could."

She looked above at the bright.

turned. "but, Mary, love, it will please me if you could."

She looked above at the bright, unsentimental sun blazing down in such regal beauty, such glorious power, around at the almost ahadowless earth, and she thought if only it had been twilight, or moonlight, she could have whispered her confession bravely, but with that great unblinking eye looking at her with all the trees and flowers listening, how could she? Arthur might have waited, she thought; in the books ahe had read love yows had always been whispered in the moonlight.

"You will not please me then?" he said, sadly. "You do not love me; I have been a conceited fool to think that you might."

He let her go from the loving shelter of his arms, but stood yet by her, waiting, hoping that she would speak.

"You are hasty," she said at length, growing pale: "it is not true that I do not love you; you must know that I do."

He caught her hands again, he kissed her again, laughing aloud for very gladness.

"Why would you not tell me then, my own?" he said; "why did you keep me so long in suspense?"

[Continued in Tuesdays Eventure Woman.]

have gone to keep Mr. Garland's character com

FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS

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Admission to all Jos.; children Sco.

AJ REB, the myssifting choss autoenaton.

SPECIAL NOTICE. — From Oct. 27 to Nov. 1 a
GREAT FLOWER SHOW will be held by A. LE
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[Continued in Tuesdays Eventure Woman.]